FEATURES



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TRAINING FOR SOLDIERS

Uncle Sam's Fighters Going School in Peace Times.

Take the Mounted Service School, which graduates about 200 men annually. Its department of farriery alone enables a advanced, and no such instruction is to be obtained outside of the army school. Whereas ordinarily a blacksmith may a much better training in six months, and that with far less torture of defensefoot and learns to make and manipulate work on the horse. Not for him the injurious practice of clapping a red-hot shoe on the hoof and letting it burn its way to a good fit. Yet with all his nicety of preparation and fitting he works far nore expeditiously than your ordinary blacksmith. Where the latter takes an twenty minutes. He also has a course in veterinary science and finds in the horse's infirmary all the most modern appliances. As for the riding in the Mounted Service School, it is the last word in the practical education of a horseman. The training is severe, involving many casual-ties, but it results in finished horseman-These officers and men of the cavalry and field artillery ride with marvelous daring, skill and grace. Nor should we quite forget the equal enthusiasm of the horses-those horses, so well set up by their training, so different in bearing from the workaday civilian horse. Who can fail to remember the beautiful

and frolicsome mare who, for pure joy, always took an extra jump between bakers turning out each year about 500 Very good cooks and bakers they are, equally well versed in in-door and out-door cooking. They get both theoreti-cal and practical education, with much scientific knowledge of food values. Incidentally the school supplies all bread, cakes, pies, etc., to the garrison and mans the menu kitchens. A special point is the train of mess sergeants who order the supplies and keep the accounts of the mess, arranging each day's bill of fare

Star Players and Umpires.

with due regard to variety and nourish-

kick less than any others. Walter Johnson, the great pitcher of the Washington club, is the easiest man in base ball to in this position, Miss Thompson. We're work with in calling strikes and balls. I in a fight with the big copper trust and have missed them on him badly, and at father has enemies, people who are

In 1906 George Stone, now in the minors, led the American League at bat him cautiously, "that I wouldn't trust in bat, but no wonder. Through that entire season he centered his attention upon the pitcher, not even turning to protest over a miscalled strike. I missed several on im in the course of the year, but he rebalance. To this feature, more than any other, I attribute his leadership of the Our main trouble comes from four sources: (1) Certain managers who are foolish enough to believe that an umpire an be bulldozed into calling close plays;

(2) veterans, who are losing ground-who are on their way, and barely holding on, and are naturally out for every shade which may assist their last stand; (3) oung players, just coming on, nervous and anxious to make good, and therefore fretful; (4) players, who, after making bad plays, seek to throw the fault upon free, guarding its best traditions, and awfully hard up. Perhaps they were the umpire, and thus escape criticism by

A bad slump, whether by a team or a batting star, also develops a tendency toways been a vehicle for the expression of dividends have diminished; dividends have must be blamed, and why not the umfeeling; and in its alliance with poetry, as been trebled. Not because the margin pire? It isn't his fault, but he is the in ballads, ballets, folk dances, story of credit has been exhausted; the mar- most available target to be fired at. If these veterans fading out-or these youngsters breaking in-only knew how badly they injured their own cause by atthe expression of thoughts or ideas. These cause they have got to double their fa- tempting to shift the blame a sudden change in tactics would result.

The Green Rose.

The general verdict upon the green rose To botanists it is particularly interesting, the same thing, and in the green rose This flower is a variety of the common

Cleveland Moffett and Oliver Herford.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Thus resolved, Betty threw herself activity into this ancient and solemn self-reliant American girl bending busily

walk, stepped into the library. He paused at the sight of Betty and waited, smil-

"I beg your pardon," he said, presently, "I see you're on the job, Miss Thomp-"Yes," she said, briefly, wondering if

lavenport that offered its ample hospi-

faced him now and decided that he had not meant to be sarcastic. And was good looking. How could she have thought him plain the night before? Then she resumed her work, while the er listlessly, and for several minutes there was no sound in the library save the rustle of sheets. Then, suddenly, Bob's expression changed to one of ab-

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Robbery in a railway carriage! Five thousand pounds! That's \$25,000! Why, he's a friend of father's! He visited us in New Betty looked up quickly. "You mean the Bishop of Bunchester?" "Oh, you've read it?"

"No, no-that is, I mean it happened two days ago. Are there any develop-"It seems they have a new clue." Then he read aloud, "Among papers left by

the suspected woman, Jenny Regan, at her lodgings on Fulham road was the graduate to command a hundred dollars a visiting card of a young American lady month in civil life. For the methods are whose name—" he paused to turn over the page.
"Yes?" she asked, eagerly.
"Whose name," he went on, "is with-

held by the police in the hope that it may learn his trade in two years, here he gets aid in discovering the criminal."

a much better training in six months, "How could it aid in discovering the criminal?" she questioned. "Oh, they have detectives on the case, "Detectives! Really!" and, with a thrill such hands! A lady's hands! An artist's hands! Where in the world had the old gentleman discovered this girl?

hour for the job, he accomplishes it in don?" he asked, presently. "Yes," she replied, and he noticed her low, pleasant voice, and admired the rippling mass of her glossy-brown hair as it lifted from her white neck. Here was a stenographer, he reflected, with the well groomed look of a thoroughbred. The old gentleman certainly was a won-

> Bob wanted to keep her talking, but could think of nothing in particular to say. Queer how this girl put him ill at And why should he wish to keep ease. her talking, anyway? His dealings with stenographers had always been on a basis of calmest and most businesslike indifference, but somehow this one affected nim strangely; she "rattled" him.

"Do you take rapid dictation, Miss Betty hesitated a moment and her heart sank as she thought of her limita-Hiram Baxter that she could work a typewriter she was speaking from the standpoint of an amateur who had taken the thing up largely as a diversion. 'm not a stenographer." Young Baxter looked at her in surprise 'Not a stenographer?"

the explained. "Mr. Baxter thinks there are qualities in a private secretary that may be more important than the ability to take rapid dictation. Bob nodded wisely. "I see. I guess father told you about the-er-trouble

he had with his last secretary?" "You mean the leak in the New York office?" said Betty, quickly. Bob lowered his voice. I mean. You'll have to be very careful critical points—with never a word of abuse. Ty Cobb and Nap Lajole, the dad went to town this morning. That's stars of Detroit and Cleveland, are the same.

and Cleveland, are the why I jumped on a quick steamer the day after he sailed from New York. I

"You suspect some one-here?" she "I don't know, but-I want you to keep your eyes open. The market has been strong lately and we've been buying In-Ten points more will let us out even, but-" he stopped short as a man's figure passed through the conservatory. It was Anton, the chauffeur.

"What is it, Anton?" he called. A man with a twisted nose and a shock of black hair appeared at the French window and touched his cap politely. "Looking for a wrench, sir. I'm fixing up the runabout.

"Where's the car?" "The countess and Mr. Fitz-Brown are out in the car, sir.' "Oh!" said Bob, whereupon the chauffeur, with another salute and a keen glance at the new secretary, withdrew. "Mr. Baxter," inquired Betty, "isn't there a great risk in buying stock when you don't really pay for it? "You mean on a margin? Of course there's a risk. That's what keeps us

from his partner: "He's dead. It's a long story. will be sure to tell you some day." ing such a lively time that I haven't had a moment. That'll make her sit up, will be sure to tell you some day. this story, to know more about her eh?" father, yet she dared not press her questions, and suddenly Bob became silent. Then, as if restless, he rose from the davenport and strolled over to one of the windows, then turned again, toying with a cigarette case.

"Do you mind?" he asked, politely, indicating the silver box.
"No, I like it," she said. It was evident that he had no intention of going and she must begin this copying if she for the revival of the art is an effort, railroad men that they could stretch that year 1835. It also gives a strong support had come when she must demonstrate "This machine is very dusty," she de-

brought such a spirit of intensely modern few minutes for preliminary practice. When Bob returned with the oil Betty

step in the conservatory nor the opening Baxter's present difficulties were entirely

he thought he could pull a fortune out of the market, but—" Bob shrugged

"Lost his money and a lot of father's They had been partners for twenty-odd "Oh! Oh!" murmured the unhappy girl.

lived in a rather large way. The old man a corking fine girl. Betty is, only-it took a lot of money and-Betty wanted to live in Paris, and-oh, well, you understand.' "You mean she was extravagant?"

wanted to leave her so she could live as she pleased, but-he didn't do it." Bob had risen again and stood leaning against one of the stiff-backed chairs, blowing cigarette smoke thoughtfully toments Betty could scarcely trust herself

"And the girl-Betty-what became of her?" she asked, presently.
"Oh, she's over in Paris, I believe. She doesn't know a word of this. I'm only telling you as father's private secretary and-you understand this is absolutely confidential, Miss Thompson?" "Of course.

"It would break Betty all up if she "But-don't you think-" hesitated the girl, and, despite her bravest efforts, her eyes betrayed her deep distress. Bob looked at her fixedly. "I say, you have a tender heart, Miss Thompson. What were you going to say?" the girl," stammered Betty. "It puts her in a false position. Perhaps she has been

"That's all right," declared Bob, cheer-We're pretty keen about Betty and-she's remember, if she shows up here, which she's apt to do, not a word about this,

spending a lot of money that she thought

Miss Thompson. "I'll remember," answered Betty, with a deeper meaning than her companion Then there was silence again, broken only by the clicking of the machine.

"It's odd about Betty," Bob went on, half to himself. "I haven't seen her since she was a little tot about eleven. She was sailing for Europe. Betty faced him with brightening eyes. 'Really? You haven't seen her since

Betty was a little figure in a gray ulster and a Tam o' Shanter, waving an Ameristeamer that was getting smaller every minute, while the lump in my throat was getting bigger. The agitated girl bent closer over the

while Bob continued, all unconscious of the effect he was producing. "That was "Do you, think you'd know her if you

"Know her? Know Betty!" he exclaim "Of course I'd know her. I'd know her anywhere. "Is she-er-pretty?"

Bob thought a moment, stroking his hin wisely. "Um - er - well, no, you couldn't call Betty pretty. Sort of lanky, long-legged girl, with freckles, but she had an air about her even at eleven. I've no use for these magazine-cover sirens "Does she-does she ever write to you?"

He settled himself on the arm of an easy chair. "We used to write, but it dwindled. I haven't heard from Betty in a long time. You see, I've been hustling, in New York, and—she's been studying singing in Paris. She thinks she has a voice, poor child!"

Betty smiled and bit her lip.
"I don't know why I'm telling you this. o know about the people I am to meet. the coat off her back; yes, she would, suppose Miss Thompson will visit here?" | Miss Thompson. "She's sure to some time, but you never can tell when. These singing people are all more or less crazy.

"Yes? I should think you'd write and tell her you're here. That would surely "Ah! You're teasing now, but—by Jove, that isn't a bad idea! I believe I will

"Shall I take it down for you?" Sh awaiting his dictation "What? On the typewriter? What "That depends. Do you owe her a let

"Owe her? It's the other way around. She owes me a whole bunch of letters." "Well, then, I should think-" she belaughter. "Ha, ha, ha! I'll do it. I'll be very stiff and formal. It will puzzie \$3." her, anyway, but-have you time?' "Yes, Mr. Baxter," she said, with exceeding amiability. "I am ready." Thus it came about that Betty's first duty as private secretary was to take down a letter to her own sweet self from a man who seemed to like Betty Thompson, not only as he remembered her eleven years ago, but as he saw her now without knowing it, which struck the fair | beat that?" secretary as decidedly amusing. "My dearest Betty-" Bob began, then strode about the room in search of further inspiration. "Have you got that?"

the world has become of you? I would have written oftener only I've been hav-"Perhaps," answered Betty, demurely,

as she clicked off the words. "'I' met a dream of a girl in New York," he continued, "'a brunette, and another on the steamer, a blonde-that makes two dreams - but they weren't either of them in your class, Betty, Bob smiled complacently. "How's that, Miss Thompson?"
"Is it true?" asked Betty. "About not being in her class? Well.

should say so. She's the finest, gamest. bulliest little sport you ever saw. Come a crumpled sheet and, smoothing it to think of it, I don't believe I'll tell her gazed at it with quickening pulses. about those other two girls I met. What's the use?" "Here's a brush to clean the keys, but and I wouldn't hurt Betty's feelings for softly, over and over again. And, yield sipated by the countess, who pointed out



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drawing the sheet from the machine, she bosom. crumpled it up and threw it into the waste basket.

"It's funny how that letter brings her back to me." mused Bob. "What a loyal ittle sport she was! Always getting herself into scrapes to help other people out of them! And generous! Why, she'd give you her last dollar! She'd give you "She must be a perfect angel," smiled

the girl.
"Not she. She's got a temper all right. wouldn't give a hang for a girl who blame, or she tried to. Dad gave me an awful scolding and made me spend \$3 of my money for a new pair. Three dollars is a lot for a little fellow; it was all I had in the world, and Betty was so sorry

sold 'em both to a boy named Cohen for

Bob looked at her sharply. "How did you know his name was Sammy?' "Why-didn't you say Sammy Cohen?" she answered, in confusion she knew I wouldn't take it. Can you

coming back and would not be denied, having scored a hit. try as she would to frown it away. There denly from her chair, and, searching previous evening. He thought Mrs. Edge he gets his work done. eagerly in the waste basket, drew forth extravagant, and no doubt she was, and, a crumpled sheet and, smoothing it out, of course, Mr. Baxter must do as he "My dearest Betty," she murmured, upset the household. and her lovely face was radiant with a This indication of Hiram's attitude to-

the world. We'll cut the letter out, Miss ing to the cry of her heart, she pressed the precious paper to her lips then

A Face in the Glass.

through the big house, and Mrs. Baxter, paroxysm of suppressed laughter with thoughtful consideration, came to the library for Betty, who, owing to her secluded dinner the evening before and singular suggestion, brought her back to her breakfast in bed, had not yet met the complete good humor. England has pro-"Don't you think, my dear," began

foolishness," declared the girl. "You silly ass creation that blooms extends in London clubs and drawing rooms promised to respect my wishes, Mrs. Baxother yielded forthwith, and, leading the way to the dining room, presented Mr. Upper Tooting, who had the title, don't "She had no money of her own-Betty Baxter's new secretary, Miss Thompson, you know, that would come to him one never had any money-so she took her to the assembled guests; and, suddenly, of these days if something would only new club skates and her bicycle, mind by their indifferent civility. Betty real- happen to his cousin in Wormwood gan, but Bob interrupted with a burst of you-she just loved that bicycle-and she ized how, by a word, she had reduced Scrubs, who stood between and was disher importance in the world of Ipping An indignant look flashed in Betty's House to about that of a nursery gov-

eyes. "Sammy Cohen! Little Shylock!" erness. Very much on her dignity, the new sec-Harriet Merle and Llonel Fitz-Brown and get one of those airmen or birdmen "Did I? Well, anyway, Betty stuffed directly opposite the Countess Clenden- give my uncle a few lessons!" And again that \$3 into my savings bank because nin, whom she studied with alert femi- he burst into roars of laughter. "Then—why do you do it?"
"We can't help it."
"Why?"
"You see, father inherited this fight rom his partner:
"Then—why do you do it?"
"That doesn't sound very stiff and form—at the foot of the hill and that Anton had gone to their assistance. Whereupon had gone to their assistance. Whereupon isn't losing any time," thought Betty, Bob Baxter hurried off to see what was giving Lionel the "listening look," while the matter and Parker hurried after him, she noted the breezy unconcern of Kata the matter and Parker hurried after him, she noted the breezy unconcern of Kate bring him up a light luncheon on a trav. Clendennin's attack. "She'll be calling Horatio found it necessary to be very ab-Betty was glad to be alone, and for him 'old top' in another minute," she stemious at these periods of intense mensome minutes she sat thinking-thinking said to herself, and as Kate, in the next tal concentration. -while a perplexed smile played about breath, actually did say "my dear boy." cheering fact rose above them and made inefficiency of a new cook. There was life seem worth living after all-the eter- trouble in the kitchen, she explained, ownally blessed fact that, when youth hears ing to the fact that Mr. Baxter had disthe call of love, then nothing else in the charged the housekeeper, Mrs. Edge. This world matters very much. She rose sud- was the first thing he had done the

thought best, but it did seem a pity to

he world. We'll cut the letter out, Miss hompson, I'll write one by hand."

"Very well," obeyed the other, and lrawing the sheet from the machine, she brown it into the crumpled it up and threw it, into the crumpled it up and threw it into the crumpled it up and

"I say, Miss Thompson," chuckled Fitzgong for luncheon resounded pleasantly genial fancy threw the gentleman into a duced various types of great men, great

Eleanor, "that we had better stop this tries, but England has undisputed prewhen we broke father's glasses in one of Eleanor, "that we had better stop this tries, but England has undisputed pre-our scuffles. I did it, but Betty took the foolishness before it goes any farther? eminence in one variety of masculine for me that-what do you suppose that ter." Her eyes were so serious that the not been at Betty's side for five min-

> gustingly healthy. "Can't you get him to go in for flying machines?" suggested Betty, mirthfully, "I say! That's an idea, Miss Thompson," exclaimed Lionel, readjusting his retary began her meal, seated between eyeglass. "By Jove, that's an idea! What an awfully jolly thing if I could

nine interest, partly because Kate was Betty's attention was new drawn to At this moment their conversation was obviously a pretty woman of the dash. some remarks of Harriet Merle touching interrupted by the entrance of Parker, ing, showy kind that all other women the Progressive Mothers' bazaar that was the butler, who came to say, with mys- regard as natural enemies (especially if to be opened this afternoon in St. Timo her inspiration. "Have you got that?" terious nods and a grim tightening of they happen to be widows under thirty), thy's parish house. Harriet dwelt with the lips, that Mr. Fitz-Brown and the and chiefly because the countess had Bob pride on the fact that her husband, the countess had got in trouble with the car Baxter on her right and seemed disposed Rev. Horatio, was to deliver the address. at the foot of the hill and that Anton to make the most of this proximity. "She The Rev. Horatio, she said, was at present resting in his room in preparation for Bob Baxter hurried off to see what was giving Lionel the "listening look," while his oratorical flights, and Harriet would

> At which Lionel again exploded softly her sweet mouth and a new gladness Betty laughed aloud, causing Lionel to for Betty's particular benefit. "Haw, shone in her eyes, a gladness that kept beam with the happy consciousness of haw, haw! I'll tell you about this intellectual concentration." he confided. try as she would to frown it away. There | Some deprecating references to a Hol- "There's a jolly good reason why the were difficulties and sorrows attending landaise sauce served with the turbot Rev. Horatio isn't sittin' in that chair Miss Elizabeth Thompson, but one great drew from Eleanor an apology for the next to the countess, puttin' down this beastly sauce and all the rest of it."

"Tell me," laughed Betty. "Bend over so she can't hear. Now! It's because she jolly well locks Horatio in his room and leaves him there until Betty's eyes danced. "Doesn't he like to work?" she whispered. "Like to work! Why, Mrs. Horatio nailed up the blinds yesterday in the Rev. Horatio's room so he couldn't climb

"Do you think she would care?"

"Do you think she would care?"

"Breat happiness. "My dearest Betty! ward extravagance cast a momentary out through the window. Haw, haw, "Maybe not, but it sounds a little fresh My dearest Betty!"

She spoke the words gloom over the company, which was dishaw! Intense intellectual cat!" (To be continued tomorrow.)

Dancing as a Living Art. Bliss Carman, in the Metropolitan.

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preserving its inherent dramatic quality, never so hard up before in their lives the alibi route. while perfecting its finest technique. In Not because earnings have decreased; its alliance with music, dancing has allearnings have increased. Not because dances and pantomimes, it has always gin of credit has been multiplied fourbeen a more or less adequate vehicle for fold. The railroads are hard up bethoughts, of course, have for the most cilities. enjoyable amusement; giving vent to glad- it to eight billions. tive art are in abevance.

Why the Railroads Are Hard Up.

To keep dancing alive and dignified as The railroad companies complain that fine art, we must keep it natural and they are hard up. They are: they are

part been simple and obvious, but they When the railroads of the United have never been absent where dancing States broke down in 1907 Jim Hill said remained a living art. Dancing only ceases they ought to spend \$700,000,000 a year to have a rational interest when it be- for ten years to put themselves in shape. comes stereotyped and insignificant. In Seven billions in all. Since then some these instances dancing may remain an equally distinguished authority has raised is that it is more curious than beautiful. ness and physical exuberance, but its Why? Their business has been ingreatest powers as a liberal and educa- creasing nobly. Their gross earnings since it is a proof that all parts of a

have risen from \$8,000 per mile to \$11,800 plant above the root are modifications of We must foster the development of per mile. By larger cars, longer trains, dancing wisely, and maintain its poetic heavier loading, stancher track they every part may be called a leaf.

quality as carefully as its musical or made their old outfit serve. But it came This flower is a variety of the rhythmic quality. The whole movement to a point where it did not seem to the China rose brought to England in the was ever to get it finished. The time more or less unconscious, to restore to string any longer. Nothing to do but to the view held by many botanists that her ability to use the keys. So, gatherdancing this capacity for conveying in- double track, double terminals, double all flowers were originally green and that ing up a pile of letters, she moved resotelligent and delightful impressions, to everything. But doubling facilities does the colors in flowers are analogous to lutely over to the typewriter. preserve its traditional and inherent dra- not automatically and instantaneously the autumn tints of leaves. In the green matic quality, to keep pace with its de-double the earnings. That is why the rose the flowers generally put on a red-velopment of technique. railroads were so hard up. dish tint when they begin to fade.